

THE
YPSI-SEM



MAY, 1912

Volume 2

Number 9

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The Upsi-Sem

VOL. 2

YPSILANTI, MICH., MAY, 1912

No. 9

L I T E R A R Y

He Who Laughs Last Laughs Best

"Fishing's no good," exclaimed Harold Wright, "the old things wouldn't bite if you stuck a worm right under their noses. I say, Nat, lets go up to the house and get something to eat, I'm nearly starved."

"That sounds good to me. I feel as though I could eat a bear."

So the boys gathered up their fishing tackle and started up the hill. Harold Wright was the only son of the richest merchant in Minocqua. He was always full of fun and for this reason he was one of the most popular boys in the town. His best chum was Nathaniel Brooks. Mrs. Brooks lived across the street from the Wrights, in a small brown house. So the boys were near together and where one boy was found the other was always near.

But to go back to the boys. When they reached the top of the hill they were both tired and dusty. Near them on the other side of the fence was a large peach tree. Never before had peaches looked so good to them, especially so, since they were forbidden. It was the canning season and Mrs. Wright had told them not to take the peaches as she wanted to can them.

Harold looked longingly at the tree. "By Jove," he said, "those peaches look good to me. Come on, let's have some. Mother can't see us from the house." After hesitating for a minute Nat helped Harold with a right good

will. Soon their pockets were full and they started home.

Perhaps Harold was greedy, or maybe his mouth was larger than Nat's, but by the time they reached the house his peaches were all gone while Nat still had several in his pockets.

"Here, take some of my peaches," offered Nat, "yours are all gone."

"And let you call me names afterwards? No thank you, I'm not as greedy as all that. You keep your peaches. I had as many as you when we started."

Mrs. Wright was sitting on the front porch when the boys came around the house. Nat glanced nervously down at his pockets, wondering if anyone could tell what was in them. Harold saw the look and his eyes lighted. "Oh mother," he called, "you ought to see us do our new bear trick."

"Well I'm sure I'd like to see it," said his mother. "You boys make perfect chums."

Poor Nat, he knew the bear trick and knew that he would practically have to stand on his head. Without another word Harold rushed at Nat and tumbled him over. Peaches scattered in all directions. Nat's face turned scarlet, and he glared at Harold. At the comical sight Mrs. Wright burst into laughter but seeing the hurt look in Nat's face she called out, "Never mind, Nat, I know that that naughty boy of mine led you into mischief."

But poor Nat did mind. All the rest of the week it was on his mind, and he tried to think of some way of paying Harold back.

On Monday morning of the following week he hurried over to Harold's. "Say," he said when the two boys were together, "Mother just made a lot of fresh cookies and put them in a crock down cellar. Come on over and we'll swipe some."

"Sure." Harold was ready for anything. When they reached the front of the house Nat said in an undertone: "You crawl in the cellar

window and I'll go down the stairs, pretending I am after something."

So the boys parted. Harold hastened to get in the cellar window before he was seen, and Nat went into the house.

"Oh, mother," he called, "I just heard something down cellar and I bet it's the cat and he'll get into the milk."

"Oh mercy, I must go right down and see." So Mrs. Brooks hurried down cellar and found not the cat, but Harold with both hands in the cookie jar.

The Doings of Bud

Ellen Kishlar

Bud was a terror, or at least that was the name that had been given to him in the small town where he lived. Never a day passed but what he got into trouble of some kind.

On this particular morning one of the boys had called him "teacher's pet." At recess he waited until all the rest had gone out into the yard. Then he stole out into the coat room and took down a new lunch basket from off its hook.

"Was that Marion's or Tom's lunch box?" He had noticed that both had new ones that morning but there was no doubt that it was Tommy's for it was larger than the other and boys always have the larger ones.

He took it down, crept out the back door down to the small brook back of the school house.

Here he took out his handkerchief, put the lunch carefully into it, and after filling the box with a few small stones and dried grass, he crept back by the side of the fence into school without being seen.

The bell rang and the first arithmetic class was called. Bud pulled out his geography, slipped down in his seat, and began to study. Every little while his eyes would wander over to the little girl in the pink checked apron who sat only a few seats from him. What if he had taken the wrong box? She would not look up when he slid farther down in his

seat and whispered, "Marion," but tossed her yellow curls and bent over her book.

That afternoon Bud was more quiet than usual, but suddenly the stillness was broken by a yell, for someone had shot cold water at him which was running over his face and down his neck. He pulled out his handkerchief and along with it came the lunch, cookies, cake, a great rosy apple and even a chicken leg went running about on the floor.

That night Jimmy stayed with him. On the way home Jimmie began calling Bud "Pie-face."

"If you call me pie-face again I will punch your head," cried Bud in rage.

But Jimmy calmly looked at him and said, "Pie-face."

"Alright, I will fight with you," cried Bud and began pulling off his coat.

The fight didn't last long for in a moment Jimmy lay in the dust. He was up in a second not to be beaten, but Bud ended the fight by saying.

"Guess we hadn't better fight any more for I am afraid that I might hurt you."

"Oh yes! but I know one thing and that is that Marion will never speak to you again for stealing her lunch."

At this Bud's face changed. Then he had taken the wrong box after all.

"I didn't mean to take her's. I was sure

that that was Tom's and I took it because he made fun of me and I wanted to pay him back."

"Well I guess it paid you back for being so smart and—" But Bud never heard the end of the sentence for he had picked up his coat and in a flash was across the fields towards home.

Safe in his own room he pulled out the box of note paper his Aunt Mary had given him and wrote this note:

"I am awfully sorry I took your lunch, but I got the boxes mixed. Will you forgive me?

I will carry your geography home for you tonight (that is if I don't have to stay).

"P. S.—This is what forgot to roll out."

The next morning he slid the note and a very much battered sandwich into Marion's desk.

When the first class was called he put his book up in front of him and slid down into his seat and with a long drawn out "Hum" he was able to gain her attention.

"Say, is it alright?" he whispered; and by the smile and bob of the yellow curls he knew he was forgiven.

Heard by the Way

Walking through the fields or woods, we pass unnoticed many sounds, which, if we were to follow them up, would in many instances lead to interesting discoveries. But we hear the same noise so often; the 'plunk' of the frog at the pond's edge, the 'whirr' of the startled partridge, the chatter of the chipmunk overhead, or the rustle of the snake in the leaves at our feet, all these, and others, we take as a matter of course and often pay little attention to them. But, on the other-hand, we sometimes have a good opportunity to investigate them, as I did in the following incidents.

One day, a year or so ago, I was crossing a pasture, when I heard the cry of a hawk close at hand, and looking up, I saw a large member of that tribe soaring over a nearby piece of woodland. There is everything graceful about a hawk's flight, and as I watched this one, I noticed that it held something in its talons, but just what this object was, I could not see. The bird continued to utter its cry, and soon from the woods below there arose a smaller hawk, undoubtedly the larger one's offspring. With a few low cries, this younger bird ascended to a point some twenty feet below its parent, who, with a last cry, dropped the object it had held. I thought for a moment that this had been an accident, but was astonished to see the young bird catch the object, which now appeared to be a mouse, in midair, alight upon a fencepost, and devour it (not the fence post, but the mouse).

Upon another occasion I was on my way to school, walking along a quiet country road. It was late in the Spring, and the bank on either side of the highway was covered with sweetfern and wild-rose, while at the top of the bank lay a forest of small pines. From this bank, as I passed, came a low squeak and sounds of a small struggle, and being curious as to the cause, I parted the sweetfern and peered beneath them. The struggle was still in progress and I could see what made it. A big toad was vainly trying to get his leg out of a small hole in the bank, though how he had contrived to get it in was more than I could see. I picked up a stick and began to dig around the leg, and this soon revealed the source of the toad's fiture. A large garter-snake had seized his leg and was attempting to pull him into the hole. Snakes' teeth, at least those of this variety, are all pointed backward, so that the prey can not easily escape, and the toad would have had small chance of getting away unless released by the snake. I do not know what the latter would have done with his victim if left alone; for he could never have pulled him into the hole, but I did not have time to watch the affair out, and judging the toad to be of more use outside the snake than in, I set him free.

These incidents are both true, and nearly everyone could tell others just as interesting or more so, for we can see any number of them without looking for them.

Y. H. S. Alphabet

(By Esther Lee Toma, '14)

- A stands for Algernon, our champion pitcher.
B stands for Beyer, our fine living picture.
C stands for condition which tells how nicely
your aren't getting along.
D stands for our Freshman "Darling" who will
some day sing us a song.
E stands for everybody who stands by the
"Ypsi-Sem."
F stands for the Follmores who always look
the same.
G stands for good, a mark everyone should
get.
H stands for Helen, the teacher's old pet.
I stands for "eyes"—those that the teachers
have at exam time.
K stands for Knisely, who always thinks of
"good time."
L stands for "Lazy Fever" which most of us
get.
M stands for Miriam upon whom the boys
make a mash.
N stands for nothing, a mark hated by us all.
O stands for Orlo, who will never grow tall.
P stands for pretty, the freshmen girls are.
Q stands for questions, which some teachers
make hard.
R stands for Ross, who in his physic class
teaches the seniors to make noise.
S stands for Seymour, who in the library has
the softest voice.
T stands for time: present, past and future.
U stands for you, never think of the school
furniture.
V stands for very there's where the pluses
come in.
X stands for "excited" which all of us are
over the track meet.
Y stands for peaches (in Algebra) when it is
unknown.
Z stands for Zilpha whose sweet looks are
well known.

A Gust of Wind

H. Hopkins, '14

John Henry was getting ready for a trip to Canajoharie. He intended to leave on the early train, as he would otherwise have to change cars at Schenectady, and this he wished to avoid. So he had arisen at five-thirty and at six-fifty-two was putting on his collar. He had not performed his preparations quite as quickly as he had expected to, and as a result, it lacked only five minutes of train time when he slammed the door, jumped off the front porch and raced down the street with his new yellow suitcase (purchased for the occasion) in his left hand and his purse in his right.

He was nearing the station when a gust of wind seized his hat and bore it off down the street. After a hard run he recaptured it, however, and arrived at the station breathless and panting. Hurriedly throwing his nice yellow suitcase down beside another which lay near the door, he purchased his ticket and pocketed it quickly, then turned and ran out to his train which was just pulling out.

"That was a close shave," he panted to himself, "half a minute more and I would have had to wait till noon."

He was very warm yet and reached into his pocket for his handkerchief, which was not forthcoming.

"Well," he observed, "there's one thing I

forgot; but there are plenty in my grip." So saying he reached over and lifted the grip upon the seat beside him. He fished in his pocket for the key, but it would no longer fit the lock of the suit case. "Strange," he muttered, "It worked before, but now it won't go into the lock at all." He looked it over carefully and was fumbling with the catch when the suit case suddenly sprang open and three or four boxes of powder (face powder I mean) fell out and rolled across the car aisle, immediately followed by a silver mirror, a pair or so of white stockings, a red-hair switch and a pair of dancing pumps. In the suit case three bottles of perfume buried in little silk handkerchiefs five inches square, and heavily scented with violet, a manicure set, and a box of soap, remained. John Henry picked up the articles which had escaped, packed them disgustedly back when they had come, and left the train at the next station, taking the next westbound to his home, where he found a much distressed young actress guarding a yellow suit case full of men's articles. She had discovered the mistake sooner than John and sat there to wait for his return, for she reasoned that he would soon find the trouble and come back. The next day John started for the station an hour before train time and held his hat on.

ANOTHER FLY

(Edith Webb, '14)

Another fly,
 Another awful fly.
 Another imp
 With evil in his eye.
 Another germ resort,
 Another tin-horn sport,
 Another sneaking, creeping, scheming, gleaming,
 keep you going fly,
 Another germ
 With physiological term.
 Another fiend that makes you twist and turn.
 Look! Stop! Swat! Swat!
 Don't you know what that is?
 Kill it!
 That's another fly, an awful fly.

The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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Fifty cents per school year

A X after your name means your subscription has expired. Please renew at once.

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Editorial

School spirit is aroused to an unusual pitch since Mr. Quillin announced the approach of the great inter-class track meet. The classes all seem anxious to win the banner and are practising every day to become efficient for the meet.

Much preparation is needed to make it successful so each student is urged to do his part. Business men of the city are taking much interest in it and we want to show them that we can come up to their expectations. So let us all get out and do our part towards a big and successful track meet.

TO CITIZENS OF YPSILANTI

Our high school is badly in need of more room. Conditions are bad for teachers and students. Much confusion is caused in the narrow hall on account of the great numbers and each teacher is overburdened in her class room.

Think of trying to read, write, or do anything else in a room where some one is constantly talking and you will have some idea of what our study rooms are like. Of course there are a few study halls where it is quiet but the great number of students cannot all be accommodated and therefore some have to study in recitation rooms.

:O:

This is the last issue of The Ypsi-Sem. The Dixit will be our final effort, and we hope pleasing to all. We wish to thank the few students who so kindly contributed material for the Dixit at the last moment and also the whole student body for its hearty support given us during the year. The faculty also deserves credit; especially Mr. Quillin, who has corrected practically every article published this year in the Ypsi-Sem and the Dixit. This has required hours of time every month.

We, as editors, have done our best to make the Ypsi-Sem a success and we are ready to retire. We hope that the editors of next year will do even better than we have done.

:O:

Puer Ex Jersey

Puer ex Jersey
Jens ad school;
Vidit in meadow,
Infestum mule
Ille approaches
O magnus sorrow!
Puer it skyward.
Fusus ad morrow.

Moral—

Qui vidit a thing
Non ei well-known,
Est bene for him.
Relinquese id alone.

—Stolen

☺ ☺ ☺

Mater vs. Pater

When Willie broke mother's azalea,
Ma said—"Why, whatever can alea?"

But pa said—"My lad,
That was all to the bad!"

Come out to the shed and I'll whalea!"

Alumni Notes

Harry L. Baker of the class of 1907 has completed a course in forestry at the Michigan Agricultural College and is now in Government Forestry Service at Troy, Montana.

Harris Fletcher, class of '09, will receive his degree from the State Normal College in June. He will then teach in a high school at Wyandotte, Michigan.

Lewis Forsythe, who graduated from this high school in 1900, is superintendent of public schools in Ionia, Michigan.

Charles F. Cooper, of the class of '06, is the southwest manager for the Stimpson Computing Scales Co. at Delos, Texas.

Laura O. Vowell, class '06, is a successful teacher in Grand Ledge (Michigan) high school. She has been teaching there for four years.

Ethel E. Taylor of the class of 1906 is the efficient secretary of the appointment committee of the State Normal College.

L. May Beardsley, of the class of 1900, who taught in Ypsilanti for several years, has taken a course at Olivet College and is now in Flint, Michigan.

Mrs. Grace Wiard Wheelock of the class of 1896 is supervisor of music at Salem, Oregon.

The efficient domestic science teacher of the Bradford Academy of Bradford, Mass., is Alice Wallin of the class of 1899.

Miss Edith Thomas, who has been our efficient English teacher for several years, will leave this year. Her vacancy will be filled by Miss Mary Horrigan, who graduated from Ypsi High in 1886. Miss Horrigan taught at Negaunee from 1904 to 1905. She received her A. B. degree from the U. of M. one year ago.

W. N. Lister, class of '87, has retired from eight years of faithful service as postmaster. He was county commissioner for two terms but at present he is busily occupied on his farm.

D. L. Quirk, of the class of 1890, is a member of the Board of Education and President of the Alumni Association for 1911 and 1912. Mr. Quirk will present a silver cup to the high school's all-round athlete in the track meet, June 7th.

Athletic News

On Friday, the 26th of April, the third of the inter-class games was played, the contestants being the Seniors and Freshmen. In the first few innings the Seniors ran up a score rapidly with few runs being made by the Freshmen. The Freshmen changed pitchers, finally putting Lyman in the box and then the Seniors' rapid scoring slowed down, though five runs were made while he pitched. The Freshmen then scored steadily, making one or two runs each inning until at the end of the game the score stood 13 to 9 in favor of the Seniors.

The following Wednesday the Freshmen played the Juniors. The Juniors defeated them by a score of 5 to 4, but nevertheless the Freshmen showed their true worth, playing hard and steadily right up to the last strike on the last man.

Friday of the same week the championship

game was played. The Juniors had been beaten by the Sophomores once but because of the good showing made since another game was played. The game went as before, to the Sophomores, by a score of 17 to 9. This finished the series of class games.

Then with Proctor as captain a High School team was chosen which defeated Normal High on the Normal Campus by a score of 11 to 6.

The next week following a second game was played with Erwin, the cute little Normal High pitcher, in the box and with Dickenson behind the bat Erwin did fine work against our players and owing to this and general good support they defeated us by a score of 14 to 5.

Two games had been arranged with the team representing the Detroit Central High Schools' "House of Representatives" but owing to lack of men on their part the games were not played.

School News

Marie Ryan visited school Tuesday, April 23rd.

Mae Firth spent Saturday, April 27th, in Detroit.

The Seniors held a class meeting Thursday, May 2d, and chose their motto, "Jam tempus agi res."

Amy Wilcix spent May 4th and 5th at Ridge Road.

Mae Carney was at the high school April 24th.

Miss Pottinger spent May 11th and 12th at the home of Clara Huston.

Lena House went to Detroit Wednesday, May 15th.

Lucile Grover has dropped out of the Senior class.

Carrie Sweitzer went to Detroit April 24th.

Grace Emery was absent from school for two weeks.

Olive Wilson quit school at the beginning of this month.

A party consisting of Miss Thomas, Kate Meyer, Christine Eldred, Edith Lidke, Claude

Gill, Warren Emery, Louis Burke and Carl Reinhart went to Detroit Friday, May 24th, to see "Hamlet."

Gwendolyn Webster spent April 27th and 28th in Detroit.

Leah James has left high school.

Philip Boyce was absent on account of tonsillitis.

The Philomathians were guests of the Agora Literary Society of Ann Arbor High on Friday, May 24th. An informal debate was held on "Resolved, That commercial prosperity tends to lower moral standards." All enjoyed the meeting.

Lawrence Brown was absent a week with an attack of appendicitis.

Floyd Ring quit high school recently.

Claude Gill was absent during the week of May 20th.

Miss Meyer spent the week-end of May 27th in Toledo.

Carrie Amhrine was absent May 17th.

H. Hayden has left school.

Elizabeth on Stage

Not until 1576 was a special building erected for dramatic purposes. To satisfy the love of the people for such things, however, plays were produced in tents, wooden sheds, or courtyards of inns. From 1576 to the close of the century, there were eleven theaters erected in London, probably the most famous being the Globe because of its associations with Shakespeare.

The early theaters were usually modeled after the same plan. A large central platform serving as the stage was almost surrounded by seats except for one side which was reserved for a dressing room. This led to the adoption of octagonal shaped buildings and there were upper galleries extending entirely around the building.

The building was open to the sky except for a canopy immediately over the stage. There was no movable scenery and there was also no curtain because the action was witnessed from three sides. The stage being so shaped, it was necessary that a play should be pro-

duced in one continuous scene. Critics have said that the sin of modern actors is that they take so long to change the scenery that they have to make severe cuts in the play.

The tradition is that the Shakespearian stage was small, bare, and crude; but some people now believe quite differently. There is evidence that his stage was large and that he used trapdoors, ropes, and other devices as we do in the modern theater. These mechanical devices were in constant use for the raising and lowering of fairies and goddesses which were frequently introduced.

Shakespeare wrote in the period of the Renaissance and so of course the costuming was very elaborate. Most plays at this time were based on mythology and mythological costuming was very elaborate and expensive.

Although this was the Puritanic period in English history, the drama made rapid progress. People of all classes attended them and even the queen, herself, raised their standard much by favoring the productions.

Library News

The following books and pamphlets are among those added to the library this year. They are of interest especially to High School teachers and students:

ENGLISH CLASSES

- Bartholomew, J. G.—Literary and historical atlas of Europe.
 Brooklyn Public Library—Books for boys and girls.
 Gosse, E.—History of eighteenth century literature.
 Mabie, H. W.—Blue book of fiction.
 Russell, G. W. E.—Matthew Arnold.
 Saintsbury, G.—History of Elizabethan literature.
 Saintsbury, G.—History of nineteenth century literature.
 Utica Public Library—Historical fiction—selected list.

GERMAN CLASSES

- Nevinson, H. W.—Life of Friedrich Schiller.
 Sharp, D. L.—Life of Heinrich Heine.

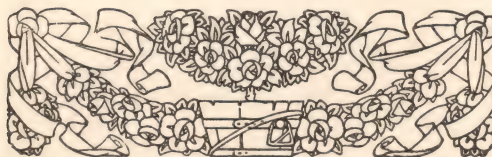
HISTORY CLASSES

- American Historical Ass'n.—Annual report—1909.
 Barrows, D. P.—History of the Philippine.
 Becker, W. A.—Gallus.
 Botsford, G. W.—History of Greece.
 Cram, G. F.—Atlas of the World—1911.
 Dow, E. W.—Atlas of European History.
 Fiske, H. A. L.—Political history of England—v. 5.
 Froissart, J.—Chronicles of Froissart.
 Gairdner, J.—Henry VII.

- Gayley, C. M.—Classic myths (rev. ed.)
 Hinsdale, M. L.—History of the President's cabinet.
 Kendall, E. K.—Source book of English history.
 Kiepert, H.—Atlas antiques.
 Montague, F. C.—Political history of England—v. 7.
 Morey, W. C.—Outlines of ancient history.
 Pollard, A. F.—Political history of England—v. 6.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Brooks, E. C.—Story of cotton.
 Cabot, E. L.—Ethics for children.
 Howard, L. O.—House flies. (Farmer's bulletin 459).
 Krause, F. H.—Manual of moral and humane education.
 Krause, F. H.—Michigan—Official directory and legislative manual. 1911-12.
 Krause, F. H.—Michiganensian 1910.
 National Teachers' Ass'n.—Proceedings—1911.
 Page, L. W.—How to prevent typhoid (Farmers' bulletin 478).
 Schmucker, S. C.—Study of nature.
 Smithsonian Institution—Annual report—1910.
 Ward, G. O.—Practical use of books and libraries.
 Webster, N.—New international dictionary.
 Two gifts from graduates of Y. H. S. are:
 1—The Aprora—1911.
 2—Ceremonies attending the unveiling of the statute to Major General Custer.
 The former was presented by Grace Helen Brown of the Class of 1909; the latter, by James H. Kidd of the Class of 1860.



GIVE US A PLACE TO PLAY

By John L. Shroy,

Frances E. Willard School, Philadelphia

"Git out!" yells the cop, " 'r I'll soon put a stop
To y'er nerve rackin' din by runnin' you in.
You won't play on the street when I'm on my
beat,

So chase y'urself hence. Git away from that
fence!"

An' the cop, he's the law, and we've got to
obey,

But he don't tell us what'r where we can play.

"Git out!" yells the man when we kick his
ash can.

Then he calls us vile toughs, an' villains and
roughs,

An' names, if I said, would knock mother dead.

We run all our might to get out of his sight,

An' bump into people, who kick us away

An' growl, but don't mention a place we can
play.

"Git out of the way!" yells a man with a dray

As he nearly runs down my chum, Billy Brown;

He raises his whip, and then all of us skip.

But we only change streets, for where else
can we go

To escape cops and drivers—does any one
know?

If you were a lad; didn't mean to be bad,

Had no place to meet except in the street,

No place to play ball 'r "tagger" at all,

No place just to yell when y'ur feelin' real well,
Now, honest and true, what on earth would
you do?

Why, you'd swear an' make bets an' smoke
cigarettes;

You'd gamble an' fight an' throw stones just
for spite.

You'd try to live down to the names you
were named,

An' you'd lie, with a gang, without feelin'
ashamed.

Big brothers of ours, we want to do right,

But try as we will, it's a hard, uphill fight.

We'd rather play ball in a place where we dare,

Than skulk near a corner an' gamble an' swear.

We'd rather clim' ladders an' act on a bar,

Than dodge a policeman 'r hang on a car.

It's up to you, brothers; come, please don't
delay;

But establish a place where us fellows can
play.

J O S H E S

Inkeeper—"Whatcher howlinfer? Ye don't hev t' eat this dinner."



Her Crowning Glory

Mary had a new Spring hat,
And, though accounts do vary,
Some people say her feet were all
That could be seen of Mary.



Doc's Up Against It

School Girl—"Please, ma, says ter vaccinate me where it won't show."



Susie had a little bite—

She got it from her poodle—
And many kinds of abject fright
It caused within her noodle.
She wouldn't let them cauterize.
For fear that it would hurt:
And now poor Susie's body lies
Far underneath the dirt.



Border (excitedly)—"There's a rumor afloat—"

Mistress—"Jennie, turn off the water in room four."



A lion which escaped from the carnival and caused so much excitement was captured by our stalwart Sophomore, "Al", who took it to the tent and said:

"Here's your man-eating lion! You notice he wouldn't eat me."

"You're right," was the reply. "He is somewhat particular."



He Thought of Leap Year

Alfreda—"I am going to propose—"

Heine (nervously)—"Why-er-I never suspected that—"

Alfreda—"I am simply going to propose that you say 'good night.' I hear father on the stairs."

Jewel—"If you loved him why did you refuse him at first?"

Doris—"I wanted to see how he would act."

Jewel—"But he might have rushed off without waiting for an explanation."

Doris—"Oh, I had the door locked."



Miss Hardy—"It is not practicable to depend on rules; in some cases it is best to use common sense."

A little later: "Now, class, how do you solve this problem?"

Voice from the rear—"By using common sense."



A woodpecker lit on "Rut" Seymour's head,
And settled down to drill.
He bored away just half a day
And then he broke his bill.



Miss Roberts—"Who was Mercury?"

F. Davis—"Let's see, wasn't he god of Thermometer?"



You can lead a horse to water
But you can not make him drink,
You can make a Latin pony
But you can not make him think.



Mrs. Brown—"Delia, can you make some suggestion for dinner?"

Delia—"I don't know; I ain't never cooked any of that before."



"Had a puncture, eh, Shaefer?"

"No, sir," replied L. S. sweetly, "I'm just changing the wind in the tires, the other lot is worn out, you know."



F. Tefft—"Miss Giberson, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Miss G.—"Well, yes, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck."

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